

A COLLECTION
O F
H Y M N S
A N D
SPIRITUAL SONGS,

(Extracted from various Authors)

Suited to social Worship:

More particularly designed for the Use of those
Congregations and Christian Societies, where
singing in Dialogue is practised:

WITH DIRECTIONS PREFIXED TO EACH HYMN.

By the *Rev.* JOHN LANGFORD.

Sing ye Praises with understanding. *Pf.* xlvii. 7.

Let the Word of CHRIST dwell in you richly, in all Wisdom
teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns,
and spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts to the
LORD. *Coloss.* iii. 16.

L O N D O N:

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SOUTHWARK.
MDCCLXXVI.

CH

An

30.9.85

BOL

TO THE
YOUNG PEOPLE
OF THE
CHURCH and CONGREGATION,

Who attend my Ministry,
And to all of ev'ry Name, in ev'ry Place
who love our LORD JESUS CHRIST:

This COLLECTION

For their spiritual Entertainment
is, most humble presented,

by

their sincere Friend

and Servant,

in the Gospel,

JOHN LANGFORD.

*Directions necessary to be observed
relative to the use of this Collection.*

1 **T**HESE Hymns are to be used occasionally, and, as any other Hymns of the same Metres, may be sung to the Tunes referred to.

2 It is necessary to singing in Dialogue, with any propriety, that the Lines should not be given out, or read by the Clerk; but, that every Person be furnished with a Hymn Book.

3 For the better understanding the Directions prefixed to each Hymn; *Note*, The Parts which are to be sung by the Women, are printed in *Italic Characters*, and where it is directed that a Line, Lines, or Part of a Line "to be sung by the Women only" it means they are to sing those Parts without the rest of the Congregation: And when it is added, "and when repeated" it implies they are to repeat those Parts they sung before.

Further, Where it is directed that a Line, Lines, or Part thereof are to be sung by the Women, "when repeated" it signifies that the whole Congregation is to sing the Tune through, and then the Women to repeat alone, those Parts marked for them.

ADDRESS

A D D R E S S
T O T H E
R E A D E R

SINGING the Praises of God in Sion below, is undoubtedly a most delightful Act of religious Worship, resembling the eternal Employ of the Saints in Heaven above; but, like other religious Services in the present Day, shamefully and totally neglected by too many Professors of Religion; and by others attended to, or performed in so indifferent and careless a Manner, as strongly indicates, their Hearts are not engaged in, or affected by it. The principal Causes of such awful Omissions in so glorious a Part of divine Worship, are the want of an abiding, experimental sense of

the Love and Mercy of God to poor Sinners, in and through our Lord Jesus Christ; or, the not attending in a stated and persevering Way to the Practice of so pleasing an Exercise.

To remove the former is not in the Power of Man; but, "the residue of the Spirit is with God." The latter would soon cease, if private Meetings for singing were held and kept up with Spirit and Fervour, by a Number of individual Persons in each Congregation, in order thoroughly to acquaint themselves with the Tunes to be sung, and render them more capable, with greater propriety, to sing the same in the Course of public Worship.

With a View to facilitate such a Reformation in social Singing, the following small Collection is published, on a Plan quite new; and yet so plain that with very little Attention, a sufficient

Know-

Knowledge of it may be soon attained. The Tunes refer'd to, and to which the Hymns are suited, are mostly modern, and are to be sung in Dialogue; on which Account, the Parts to be sung by the Women alone, are distinguish'd by being printed in Italick Characters, and suitable Directions prefixt to each Hymn: which will prevent that Discord which usually happens (where Dialogue singing is practis'd) for want of such Distinction and Direction. The Compiler flatters himself this small, tho' well meant Attempt will be attended with some Advantages, if the young People of each Congregation would spend an Hour together ev'ry Week, to practice (with the Assistance of a Person acquainted with Musick) the several Tunes specified; by this Means they will become familiar, and be sung with Pleasure and Profit to themselves and others; and who knows but the

Lord may own and bless our Endeavours to the alluring (with Sion's Songs) many, who now sing the Songs of the Drunkard, to attend at least under the Sound of the Gospel, and be brought eventually to a saving Knowledge of it. Should this be the Case, the Publisher will be richly compensated for his Labours; and that God, who inhabiteth the high Praises of the heavenly Zion, shall have all the Glory, for ever, Amen.

JOHN LANGFORD

SOUTHWARK,

Nov. 24, 1776.

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A T A B L E.

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Islington
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Jubilee
Irish
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Italian

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Leeds

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Mitcham

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H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

New Eagle-street Tune, Short Metre.

Women, 3d Line, and when repeated.

Sincere Praise.

1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wond'rous is thy Name !
Thy Glories how diffus'd abroad,
Thro' the Creation's Frame !

2 Nature, in ev'ry Dreſs,
Her humble Homage pays,
And finds a thousand Ways t' expreſs
Thine undiſſembled Praise.

3 My Soul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my Tongue adore my King,
And pay the Worſhip due.

B

4 But

- 4 But Pride, that busy Sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd Pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty Worm.
- 5 The very Songs I frame,
Are faithless to thy Cause,
And steal the Honours of thy Name,
To build their own Applause.
- 6 Create my Soul anew,
Else all my Worship's vain;
This wretched Heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.
- 7 Descend, Celestial Fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in Flames of pure Desire,
A Sacrifice to Love.
- 8 Let Joy and Worship spend
The Remnant of my Days,
And to my GOD, my Soul, ascend
In sweet Perfumes of Praise.

HYMN

HYMN II.

Buxton Tune, Short Metre.

Women, 3d and 4th Lines.

Invitation to praise Christ.

1 **A** WAKE and sing the Song
Of Moses and the LAMB,
*'Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue,
To praise the SAVIOUR'S Name.*

2 Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his rising Pow'r,
*Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose Sins he bore.*

3 Sing till we feel our Hearts
Ascending with our Tongues ;
*Sing till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspires our Songs.*

4 Sing on your heav'nly Way,
Ye ransom'd Sinners sing ;
*Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day,
In CHRIST th' eternal King.*

5 Ye soon shall hear Him say,
" Ye blessed Children come ;"
*Soon will He call ye hence away,
And take his Wand'ers Home.*

HYMN III.

Braintree Tune, Common Metre.

The 3d and 4th Lines in each Verse sung by Women alone,
also the 5th and 6th Hallelujah.

Condescending Grace.

1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the Skies,
To visit earthly Things,
With Scorn divine He turns his Eyes
From Tow'rs of haughty Kings.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Halle-
lujah, *Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,*
Hallelujah.

2 He bids his awful Chariot roll,
Far downward from the Skies,
To visit ev'ry humble Soul,
With Pleasure in his Eyes
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Why should the LORD that reigns above,
Disdain so lofty Kings?
Say, LORD, and why such Looks of Love
Upon such worthless Things?
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Mortals be dumb; what Creature dare
Dispute his awful Will?

*Ask**Ask no
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*Ask no Account of his Affairs,
But tremble and be still.*

Hallelujah, &c.

- 5 Just like his Nature is his Grace,
All Sov'reign and all Free;
Great GOD, how searchless are thy Ways!
How deep thy Judgments be!
Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN IV.

Newport Tune, Common Metre.

The Women sing the last Line alone and repeat it.

Praying for the Holy Spirit of God.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, we intreat,
Come fill our Hearts with Love;
Almighty Father, send him forth,
Swift flying from above.

- 2 O! send Him, in a copious Stream,
To deluge ev'ry Breast,
To lead us to a Saviour's Cross,
The Sinner's only Rest.

- 3 Send Him to ev'ry stubborn Heart,
To take the Stone away;
And send Him to the strait'ned Soul,
To teach his Lips to pray.

B 3

4. Send

- 4 Send Him to the dejected Saint,
That weeps his gloomy Days ;
And form the Heirs of heav'nly Songs,
On Earth to warble Praise.

- 5 O ! pour his mighty Influence down,
On us and all our Seed ;
For, with this heav'nly Rain bedew'd,
Thy Church is blest indeed.

HYMN V.

Pleasant Tune, Common Metre.

The 3d and 4th Line sung by Women alone when repeated.

A Morning Song of Praise.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my Soul, to meet the Day ;
Unfold thy drowsy Eyes,
*And burst the pond'rous Chain that loads
Thine active Faculties.*

- 2 God's Guardian - Shield was round me
In my defenceless Sleep : (spread
*Let him have all my waking Hours,
Who doth my Slumbers keep.*

- 3 My Moments fly with winged Pace,
And swift my Hours are hurl'd ;
*And Death with rapid March comes on -
T' unveil th' eternal World.*

- 4 I for this Hour must give Account,
Before GOD's awful Throne;
*Let not this Hour neglected pass,
As thousands more have done.*
- 5 Pardon, O GOD, my former Sloth;
And arm my Soul with Grace;
*As, rising now, I seal my Vows
To prosecute thy Ways.*
- 6 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display,
*And guide my dark bewilder'd Soul
To everlasting Day.*

HYMN VI.

St. John's Tune, Common Metre.

The third Line in each Verse when repeated, is sung by Women only.

Asking the Way to Zion.

ENQUIRE, ye Pilgrims for the Way,
That leads to Zion's Hill,
*And thither set your steady Face
With a determin'd Will.*

2 Invite the Strangers all around
Your pious March to join;

And

*And spread the Sentiments you feel
Of Faith and Love divine.*

3 Come, let us to his Temple haste,
And seek his Favour there,
Before his Foot-stool humbly bow,
And pour out fervent Prayer.

4 Come, let us join ourselves to God
In everlasting Bands,
And seize the Blessings he bestows
With eager Hearts and Hands.

5 Come, let us seal without Delay
The Cov'nant of his Grace;
Nor shall the Years of distant Life
It's Memory efface.

6 Thus may our rising Offspring haste
To seek their Father's God,
Nor e'er forsake the happy Path
Their youthful Feet have trod.

HYMN

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HYMN VII.

St. John's Tune, as last Hymn.

*Praying for a suitable Frame of Mind
in attending to Public Worship.*

(Before Sermon.)

1 **O**NCE more we come before our GOD;
Once more his Blessing ask.
O! may not Duty seem a Load,
Nor Worship prove a Task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From Heav'n in JESU's Name,
To make our waiting Minds attend,
And put our Souls in Frame.

3 May we receive the Word we hear,
Each with an upright Heart;
Hoard up the precious Treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek Thee all our Hearts dispose
To each thy Blessing suit.
And let the Seed thy Servant sows
Produce a copious Fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing North-Wind wake;
Say to the South-Wind blow

Let

*Let ev'ry Plant the Pow'r partake,
And all the Garden grow.*

- 6 Revive the parch'd with Heav'nly Show'rs,
The cold with Warmth Divine,
*And while the Benefit is ours,
Be all the Glory thine.*

HYMN VIII.

Islington Tune, Long Metre.

Women 3d and part of last Line, and when repeated.

At the Beginning of public Worship.

- 1 **J**ESUS attend, thyself reveal,
Are we not met in thy great name?
*Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.*
- 2 Thou GOD, who answerest by fire,
Thy Holy Spirit now impart;
*And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the Altar of our heart.*
- 3 Truly our fellowship below
With Thee, and with the Father is :
*In Thee eternal life we know,
And heav'ns unutterable bliss.*

- 4 In part we only know Thee here,
But wait thy coming from above ;
And I shall then behold thee near :
Then shall my soul be lost in love.

H Y M N IX.

Smith's Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 7th and last Lines alone.

Admiring the Love of Christ.

- 1 S AVIOUR canst thou love a Traitor?
Can'st thou love a Child of Wrath?
Can a hell deserving Creature
Be the Purchase of thy Death?
Is thy Blood so efficacious,
As to make my Nature clean?
Is thy Sacrifice so precious,
As to free me from my Sin?

- 2 Sin on ev'ry Hand surrounds me,
No Acquittance can I hear;
Pangs of Unbelief confound me,
Oh ! my Grief I cannot bear :
Here then is my Resolution,
At thy dearest Feet I fall ;
Here I'll meet with Condemnation,
Or a Freedom from my Thrall.

H Y M N

HYMN X.

Monmouth Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 5th and 6th Lines.

*Spiritual Views and Desires of a
sincere Worshipper of GOD.*

(Before Sermon.)

1 **T**HE good Hand of God
Has brought us again,
(A Favour bestow'd,
We hope, not in vain)
*To hear from our Saviour
The Word of his Grace,*
Then be our Behaviour
Becoming the Place.

2 Remember the Ends
For which we are met,
Alas ! my dear Friends,
We are apt to forget.
*The Motives that brought us,
The Lord only sees :*
But if he doth teach us,
Our Ends will be these.

3 To worship the Lord,
With Praise and with Prayer,
To practise his Word,

As well as to hear:
To own with Contrition
The Deeds we have done ;
 And take the Remission,
 God gives in his Son.

Blest Spirit of CHRIST,
 Descend on us thus ;
 Thy Servant assist :
 Teach him to teach us.
O ! send us thy Unction,
To teach us all Good.
 And touch with Compunction ;
 And sprinkle with Blood.

HYMN XI.

Lebanon Tune, Long Metre.

First Part of the last Line of each Verse repeated by the Women alone.

The Eternal Sabbath.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our Vows
 On this thy Day, in this thy House :
 And own, as grateful Sacrifice,
The Songs, which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths LORD we love,
 But there's a nobler Rest above ;

To that our lab'ring Souls aspire
With ardent Pangs of strong Desire.

3 No more Fatigue, no more Distress;
 Nor Sin, nor Hell shall reach the Place;
 No Groans to mingle with the Songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude Alarms of raging Foes;
 No Cares to break the long Repose;
 No Midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,
But sacred, high, eternal Noon.

5 O! long expected Day, begin;
 Dawn on these Realms of Woe and Sin;
 Fain would we leave this weary Road,
And sleep in Death to rest with God.

H Y M N XII.

Kingsbridge Tune, Long Metre.

The 3d Line in each Verse when repeated, to be sung by the
 Women alone.

Deferring Conformity and Submission
to CHRIST.

1 **H**OW sweet and pleasant would it be,
 Cou'd I but live alone to Thee:
If Soul and Body both were thine:
 Wholly possess'd by Grace divine.

2 O ! may thy Spirit in me dwell,
All Rivals from my Heart expel ;
Be ev'ry Action, Thought, and Word,
Devoted to my dying Lord.

3 O ! strengthen me thy Will to do,
And what thou wilt to suffer too :
O ! may thy Service be my meat,
Far sweeter than the Food I eat.

4 O ! be thy Pleasure always mine,
I wish to have no Will but thine ;
This, LORD, is Heav'n enough for me,
Quite to be swallow'd up in Thee.

H Y M N XIII.

New Tune, Short Metre.

The 3d Line sung by Women alone when repeated.

Confession and Pardon.

1 A L A S, my aching Heart !
Here the keen Torment lies ;
It racks my waking Hours with smart,
And frights my slumb'ring Eyes.

2 Guilt will be hid no more,
My Griefs take vent apace ;

*The Crimes that blot my Conscience o'er,
Flush Crimson in my Face.*

3 My Sorrows like a Flood,
Impatient of Restraint,
Into thy Bosom, O! my GOD,
Pour out a long Complaint,

4 LORD, 'tis against thy Face
My Sins like Arrows rise
And yet, and yet, (O matchless Grace!)
Thy Thunder silent lies,

5 O! shall I never feel
The Meltings of thy Love?
Am I of such Hell-harden'd Steel,
That Mercy cannot move?

6 Now for one pow'rful Glance,
Dear SAVIOUR, from thy Face?
This Rebel-Heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy Grace.

7 O'ercome by dying Love,
Here at thy Cross I lie
And throw my Flesh, my Soul, my All,
And weep, and love and die

HYMN XIV.

Dartford Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 2d Line, 3d Line when repeated, 4th Line, Part of
6th Line, and part of 7th Line.

*The convinced Sinner's Confession
and Prayer.*

1 **G**OD of my Salvation, hear,
And help me to believe,
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy Blessing to receive.
 Full of Guilt, alas ! I am,
But to thy wounds for Refuge flee ;
Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

2 Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
Nor can thy Grace procure ;
Empty send me not away,
For I thou know'st am poor ;
 Dust and Ashes is my Name,
My All is Sin and Misery :
Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

3 Without Money, without Price,
I come thy Love to buy ;
From myself I turn my Eyes,

The Chief of Sinners I.

Take, O! take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in Thee :
Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB :
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

HYMN XV.

Amsterdam Tune, Particular Metre.

The 3d and 4th Lines in each Verse to be sung by the Women alone, also the 6th Line with or without Repetition

The Christian Pilgrim's Song.

1 **R**ISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
 Thy better Portion trace ;
Rise from transitory Things,
Tow'rd's Heav'n thy native Place :
 Sun and Moon and Stars decay,
Time shall soon this Earth remove ;
 Rise my Soul, and haste away.
 To Seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the Ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their Course :
Fire ascending seeks the Sun,
Both speeds them to their Source :
 So a Soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious Face,
 Upwards tends to his Abode,
 To rest in his Embrace.

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- 3 Cease ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the Prize;
*Soon our SAVIOUR will return
 Triumphant in the Skies:*
 Yet a Season and we know
Happy Entrance will be given,
 All our Sorrows left below,
 And Earth exchange'd for Heav'n.

HYMN XVI.

Hull Tune, Common Metre.

The 3d Line by Women alone.

Asking leave to sing.

- 1 YET mighty God, indulge my tongue,
 Nor let thy Thunder roar,
*While the young Notes and vent'rous Song
 To Worlds of Glory soar.*

- 2 If thou my daring Flight forbid
 The Muse folds up her Wings;
*Or, at thy Word her slender Reed
 Attempts Almighty Things.*

- 3 Her slender Reed inspir'd by Thee,
 Bids a new Eden grow,
*With blooming Life on ev'ry Tree,
 And spreads a Heav'n below.*

Cease

4 She

4 She mocks the Trumpet's loud Alarms,
 Fill'd with thy dreadful Breath;
And calls the Angelic Hosts to Arms,
 To give the Nations Death.

5 But when she tastes the SAVIOUR's Love,
 And feels the Rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest Harp above,
 Aims at a sweeter Song.

H Y M N XVII.

Gainsborough Tune, Common Metre.

Women 3d Line.

The Hazard of loving Creatures.

1 **W**HERE-e'er my flatt'ring Passion
 I find a lurking Snare; [rove
'Tis dang'rous to let loose our Love,
 Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

2 Souls whom the Tye of Friendship binds
 And Partners of our Blood,
Seize a large Portion of our Minds,
 And leave the Less for God.

3 Nature has soft but pow'rful Bands,
 And Reason she controuls;

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*While Children with their little Hands,
Hang closest to our Souls.*

4 *Thoughtless they act th' old Serpent's Part;
What tempting Things they be !*

*Love, Lord, how they twine about our Heart,
And draw it off from Thee.*

5 *Our hasty Wills rush blindly on,
When rising Passion rolls,
And thus we make our Fetters strong,
To bind our slavish Souls.*

6 *Dear Sov'reign, break these Fetters off,
And set our Spirits free ;
God in himself is Bliss enough,
For we have all in Thee.*

H Y M N XVIII.

Winwick Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 3d and last Line when repeated.

CHRIST *praised.*

O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praise our dear SAVIOUR,
Our Master divine.

Him

- 2 Him let us adore,
Who cover'd with Gore;
*Late hang'd on Calvary,
Both wounded and poor.*
- 3 He worthy is blest
By Spirits at rest,
*Who once in this Desert
His God-head confess'd.*
- 4 The Prophets who told
His Sufferings of Old,
*Sing now sweet Thanksgivings
On Psalt'ries of Gold.*
- 5 The Fathers to whom
He shew'd he would come,
*Now in his Pavilion,
Take up their long Home.*
- 6 Spirits of Men,
Who for him were slain,
*From Abel the Righteous,
Share now in his Reign.*
- 7 The Apostles who stood,
Resisting to Blood.

For JES
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*For JESUS's Gospel,
Rejoice in their GOD.*

O ! Church of the LAMB,
Here met, do the same,
*With Saints and with Angels,
Bless Jesus's Name.*

My Soul bear a Part,
For ransom'd thou art,
*By JESU's Blood shedding,
His Burial and Smart.*

To Him that was slain,
The scorn'd Nazareen,
*Be Glory and Honour;
Let all say Amen.*

HYMN XIX.

*Winwick Tune, as last Hymn.
To be sung after Sermon.*

O JESU our LORD,
Thy Name be ador'd,
*For all the rich Blessings
Convey'd by thy Word.*

In Spirit we trace
Thy Wonders of Grace,

And

*And chearfully join
In Concert of Praise.*

3 The Antient of Days
His Glory displays,
*And shines on his Chosen
With cherishing Rays.*

4 The Trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
*The Language of Mercy
Salvation through Blood.*

5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
*And share in the Blessings
Of this Gospel Day.*

6 The People who know
The SAVIOUR below,
*With burning Affection
To worship him glow.*

7 Their Anguish and Smart,
And Sorrows depart,
*Who find his Salvation
Inscrib'd on their Heart.*

This Blessing be mine,
Thro' Favour divine,
But O! My Redeemer,
The Glory be thine.

The Work of his Grace,
Thine, thine be the Praise,
And mine to adore Thee,
And tell of thy Ways.

HYMN XX.

Boston Tune, Common Metre.

Women 5th and 6th Lines, also 2d, 4th, and 7th Hallelujahs.

CHRIST *the Sinner's Redeemer.*

1. **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying LAMB!
We love to hear of Thee;

No Music like thy charming Name,
Not half so sweet can be!

O may we ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to us speak!

Then in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great MELCHISEDEC.

Hallelujah, *Hallelujah*, Hallelujah, *Hallelujah*,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, *Hallelujah*, Hallelujah.

Our JESUS shall be still our Theme,
While in this World we stay;

8 Thus

D

We'll

We'll sing our JESU's lovely Name,
 When all Things else decay ;
When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all the favour'd Throng ;
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And CHRIST shall be our Song.
 Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN XXI.

Norwich Tune, Particular Metre.

Women part of 5th and 6th Lines.

*Pleading for the promis'd Influences
 of GOD's Spirit.*

1 JESUS we hang upon thy Word,
 Our waiting Souls have heard from
 Be mindful of thy Promise LORD, [thee,
 Thy Promise made to all and me,
Thy Follow'rs who thy Steps pursue,
And dare believe that GOD is true.

2 Come then, dear LORD, thyself reveal.
 And let the Promise now take Place ;
 Be it according to thy Will,
 According to thy Word of Grace.
Thy sorrowful Disciples hear,
And send us down the Comforter.

- 3 He visits now the troubled Breast,
 And oft relieves our sad Complaint,
 But soon we lose the transient Guest,
 But soon we droop again and faint,
Repeat the melancholly Moan,
Our Joy is fled, our Comfort's gone.

- 4 Hasten him, LORD, into our Heart,
 Our sure inseparable Guide :—
 O ! might we meet and never part,
 O ! might HE in our Hearts abide,
And keep his House of Praise and Prayer.
And rest, and reign for ever there.

H Y M N XXII.

Norwich Tune, as last Hymn.

*The returning Backslider pleading
 for Mercies.*

- 1 **W**EARY of wand'ring from my God,
 And now made willing to return;
 I hear, and bow me to the Rod,
 For him, not without Hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the Throne of Love.

- 2 O JESUS full of pard'ning Gracc,
 More full of Grace than I of Sin;

3 He

D 2

Yet

Yet once again I seek thy Face,
 Open thine Arms and take me in,
And freely my Backslidings heal,
And love the faithless Sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the Way to bring me back,
 My fallen Spirit to restore ;
 O ! for thy Truth and Mercy Sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more,
The Ruins of my Soul repair,
And make my Heart an House of Prayer.

4 Give to my Eyes refreshing Tears,
 And kindle my Relentings now,
 Fill all my Soul with filial Fears,
 To thy sweet Yoke my Spirit bow,
Bend by thy Grace, O ! bend or break,
The Iron Sinew in my Neck.

5 Ah ! give me LORD, the tender Heart,
 That trembles at th' Approach of Sin,
 A godly Fear of Sin impart,
 Implant and root it deep within,
That I may fear thy mighty Pow'r,
And never dare offend thee more.

HYMN

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HYMN XXIII.

Norwich Tune, as last Hymn.

GOD *present in his worshipping Assemblies.*

LO! GOD is here, let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this Place;
 Let all within us feel his Pow'r,
 And silent bow before his Face,
Who knows his Pow'r, his Grace who proves,
Serve him with awe, with Rev'ence love.

LO! GOD is here, him Day and Night.
 Th' united Choir of Angels sing;
 To him enthron'd above all Height,
 Heav'n's Host their noblest Praises bring;
Disdain not, LORD, our meaner Song,
Who praise Thee with a stamm'ring Tongue,

Being of Beings, may our Praise,
 Thy Courts with grateful Fragrance fill,
 Still may we stand before thy Face,
 Still hear and do thy Sov'reign Will,
To Thee may all our Thoughts arise,
Ceasless accepted Sacrifice.

HYMN XXIV.

Salisbury Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 3d and 4th Lines.

Thanksgiving to the REDEEMER.

1 **M**EET and Right it is to sing, Hall.
 Glory to our GOD and KING; Hall.
*Meet in ev'ry Time and Place, Hallelujah,
 To rehearse his solemn Praise. Hallelujah.*

2 Join, ye Saints, the Song around, Hall.
 Angels help the chearful Sound; Hall.
*Publish thro' the World abroad, Hallelujah,
 Glory to th' eternal GOD. Hallelujah.*

3 Praise here to Thee we give, Hallelujah,
 Gracious thou our Thanks receive; Hall.
*Holy Father, sov'reign LORD, Hallelujah,
 Ev'ry where be thou ador'd. Hallelujah.*

4 Tho' th' injurious World exclaim, Hall.
 Sing we still in JESU's Name, Hallelujah.
 SAVIOUR, *thee we ever bless, Hallelujah,
 Thee our LORD and GOD confests. Hallelujah.*

HYMN

HYMN XXV.

Salisbury Tune, Particular Metre.

Women, 3d and 4th Lines.

The LORD worthy of Praise.

1 **L**ORD and GOD of heav'nly Power's, *(Hallelujah,*
Theirs, yet, O! benignly ours; Hall.
Glorious KING, let Earth proclaim, Hall.
Worms Attempt to sing thy Name. Hallelujah.

2 Bow thine Ear in Mercy bow; Hallelujah,
Hear the Atonement thou; Hallelujah,
JESUS, in thy Name we pray, Hallelujah,
Take, O! take our Sins away. Hallelujah.

3 Thee to laud in Songs divine, Hallelujah,
Angels and Archangels join; Hallelujah,
We with them our Voices raise, Hallelujah,
Echoing thine eternal Praise. Hallelujah.

4 Holy, holy, holy, LORD! Hallelujah
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd, Hall.
Full of Thee they ever cry, Hallelujah,
"Glory be to GOD on high." Hallelujah.

H Y M N XXVI.

*Weston Flavel Tune, Common Metre.**Women 3d Line in Repeat and Part of 4th Line.**The Comparifon and Complaint.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE Power, eternal LORD,
How fovereign is thy Hand !
*All Nature rofe t' obey thy Word,
And moves at thy Command.*
- 2 With fteady Courfe thy fshining Sun
Keeps his appointed Way ;
*And all the Hours obedient run
The Circle of the Day.*
- 3 But ah ! how wide my Spirit flies,
And wanders from her GOD !
*My Soul forgets the heavenly Prize,
And treads the downward Road.*
- 4 Great GOD create my Soul anew,
Conform my Heart to thine,
*Melt down my Will, and let it flow,
And make the Mould Divine.*
- 5 Sieze my whole Frame into thy Hand ;
Here all my Pow'rs I bring ;

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*Manage the Wheels by thy Command,
And govern ev'ry Spring.*

6 Then shall my Feet no more depart,
Nor wan'dring Senses rove;
*Devotion shall be all my Heart,
And all my Passions Love.*

7 Then not the Sun shall more than I
His Maker's Laws perform,
*Nor travel swifter thro' the Sky,
Nor with a Zeal so warm.*

HYMN XXVII.

Jewin Street Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 3d and 4th Lines with Part of the 7th repeated.

CHRIST the Believer's All.

1 **L**AMB of GOD, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy Cross;
That alone be all our Glory,

All Things else are Dung and Dross.

Thee we own a perfect SAVIOUR,

Only Source of all that's good

Ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Favour

Come to us thro' JESU's Blood.

2 JESUS gives us true Repentance
By his Spirit sent from Heav'n;

JESUS

JESUS whispers this sweet Sentence,
" Son, thy Sins are all forgiv'n "
 Faith he gives us to believe it;
 Grateful Hearts his Love to prize;
Want we Wisdom? he must give it;
 Hearing Ears, and seeing Eyes.

- 3 JESUS gives us pure Affections,
 Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his Directions,
And what he commands inspires.
 All our Prayers and all our Praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his Name,
He that dictates them is JESUS;
He that answers, is the same.

- 4 When we live on JESU's Merit,
 Then we Worship GOD aright:
Father, Son, and holy Spirit,
Then we savingly unite.
 This, the whole Conclusion of it,
 Great or good whate'er we call,
 GOD, *or* KING, or Priest or Prophet,
 JESUS CHRIST is all in all.

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HYMN XXVIII.

*Jewin Street Tune, as last Hymn.**Ebenezer.*

COME, thou Font of ev'ry Blessing!
 Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace!
Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
Call for Songs of loudest Praise:
 Teach me some melodius Sonnet,
 Sung by flaming Tongues above;
Praise the Mount I'm fixed upon it.
 Mount of God's unchanging Love!

Here I raise mine EBENEZER,
 Hither by thy Help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good Pleasure
Safely to arrive at Home.
 JESUS fought me when a Stranger,
 Wan'dring from the Fold of God;
He to rescue us from Danger,
 Interpos'd with precious Blood.

O! to Grace how great a Debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that Grace now like a Fetter,
Bind my wandring Heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the GOD I love

Here's

*Here's my Heart LORD take and seal it;
Seal it from thy Courts above !*

HYMN XXIX.

Huntington Tune, Common Metre.

Women 3d and 4th Lines in Repeat, also the 3d Line
2d Hallelujah in Chorus.

The Angels Song at CHRIST's Birth

1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful Note
And join the angelic Throng;
*For Angels no such Love have known
To 'wake a chearful Song.*

CHORUS

Glory, Honor, Praise and Power,
Be unto the LAMB for ever :
JESUS CHRIST *is our Redeemer,*
Hallelujah, *Hallelujah,* Hall. praise the LORD

2 Good Will to sinful Men is shewn,
And Peace on Earth is giv'n;
*For lo, th' incarnate SAVIOUR comes,
With Messages from Heav'n.*

Chorus, Glory, Honor, &c

3 Justice and Grace with sweet Accord
His rising Beams adorn;

*Let Heav'n and Earth in Concert join,
Now such a Child is born.*

Chorus, Glory, Honor, &c.

Glory to God in highest Strains

In highest Worlds be paid;

His Glory by our Lips proclaim'd,

And by our Lives display'd.

Chorus, Glory, Honor, &c.

When shall we reach those blissful Realms,

Where CHRIST exalted Reigns,

And learn of the Celestial Choir,

Their own immortal Strains.

Chorus, Glory, Honor, &c.

HYMN XXX.

Hythe Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 5th Line, also 5th and 6th Lines when repeated.

Adoring a faithful GOD.

THIS GOD is the GOD we adore,

Our faithful unchangeable Friend;

Whose Love is as great as his Pow'r,

And neither knows Measure nor End.

'Tis JESUS, *the first and the last,*

Whose Spirit shall guide us safe Home;

We'll praise him for all that is past,

And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN XXXI.

*Hythe Tune, as last Hymn.**Sickness or divine Correction in it.*

1 **H**OW happy the sorrowful Man,
 Whose Sorrow is sent from above
 Indulged with a visit of Pain,
 Chastis'd by omnipotent Love:
*The Author of all his Distress,
 He comes by Afflictions to know;
 And his GOD in Heav'n he shall bless
 That ever he suffer'd below.*

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
 And hear the Intent of his Rod,
 The Marks of Adoption receive,
 The Strokes of a merciful GOD;
*With nearer Access to his Throne,
 My Burden of Folly confess,
 The Cause of my Miseries own,
 And cry for an Answer of Peace.*

3 O! Father of Mercies, on me,
 On me in Affliction bestow,
 A Pow'r of applying to thee;
 A sanctifi'd Use of my Wo:
*I would in a Spirit of Prayer
 To all thy Appointments submit;*

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The Pledge of my Happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy Feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the Felicity prove,
Of living a Moment in Pain,
Of dying in JESUS's Love:
A Sufferer here with my LORD,
With JESUS above I sit down,
Recieve an eternal Reward,
And Glory obtain in a Crown.

HYMN XXXII.

Helmſley Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 3d and 4th Lines and Part of 5th.

The convinc'd Sinners, invited to
come to CHRIST.

1 COME, ye Sinners poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore
JESUS ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with Pow'r,
He is able, *he is able*, he is able;
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy; come, and welcome
God's free Bounty glorify.
True Belief and true Repentance,
Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,

(Money)
 Without Money, *without Money*, without
 Come to JESUS CHRIST and buy.

g Let not Conscience make you linger;
 Nor of Fitness fondly dream
All the Fitness he requireth
Is, to feel your Need of him, (gives you;
 This he gives you, *this he gives you*, this he
 T'is the Spirit's rising Beam.

4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangl'd by the Fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all. (Righteous;
 Not the Righteous, *not the Righteous*, not the
 Sinners JESUS came to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the Garden
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies.
On the bloody Tree behold him:
Hear him cry, before he dies,
 It is finish'd, *it is finish'd*, it is finish'd;
 Sinners will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate GOD ascended,
 Pleads the Merit of his Blood.

Venture

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Venture on him, venture wholly;

Let no other Trust intrude.

(Jesus,

None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but

Can do helpless Sinners good.

Saints and Angels join'd in Concert,

Sing the Praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful Seats of Heaven

Sweetly echo with his Name.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN XXXIII.

Helmſley Tune, as laſt Hymn.

CHRIST coming to Judgment.

L O! he comes with Clouds deſcending

Once for favour'd Sinners ſlain!

Thouſand thouſand Saints attending,

Swell the Triumph of his Train:

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

God appears on Earth to reign.

Ev'ry Eye ſhall now behold him,

Rob'd in dreadful Majeſty,

Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,

Pierc'd and nail'd him to the Tree,

E 3

Deeply

Venture

Deeply wailing, *deeply wailing*, deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH see.

3 Ev'ry Island, Sea and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must confounded
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day; (Judgment
Come to Judgment, *come to Judgment*, come to
Come to Judgment! come away.

4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn Pomp appear!
All his Saints by Man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the Air!
Hallelujah! *Hallelujah!* Hallelujah!
See the Day of GOD appear!

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit
Hasten LORD the gen'ral Doom!
The new Heav'n and Earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining Exiles home:
All Creation, *all Creation*, all Creation,
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yea! amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal Throne!
SAVIOUR, *take the Pow'r and Glory:*
Claim the Kingdom for thine own!

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(quickly)
O! come quickly, O! come quickly, O! come
Hallelujah! come, LORD come!

HYMN XXXIV.

Helmsley Tune, as last Hymn.

CHRIST coming to Judgment.

L O! he cometh, countless Trumpets
Blow before the bloody Sign;
Midst ten thousand Saints an dAngels,
See the crucified Shine.
Hallelujah! *Hallelujah!* Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

2 Now his Merit by the Harpers
Thro' the eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his Nail-Prints,
Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds:
(they who pierc'd him,
They who pierc'd him, *they who pierc'd him,*
Shall at his Appearance wail.

3 Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must ashamed,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day:

Come

(to Judgment,

Come to Judgment, *come to Judgment*, come
Stand before the Son of Man.

- 4 Saints who love him, view his Glory,
Shining in his bruised Face,
His dear Person on the Rainbow,
Now his Peoples Head shall raise:
(Mourners,
Happy Mourners, *happy Mourners*, happy
Lo! in Clouds he comes, he comes!

- 5 Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn Pomp appear;
All his People once rejected,
Now shall meet him in the Air:
Hallelujah! *Hallelujah!* Hallelujah!
Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

- 6 View him smiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry Evil to destroy;
All the Nations now shall sing him
Songs of everlasting Joy: (quickly,
O! come quickly, O! come quickly, O! come
Hallelujah! come, LORD, come.

HYMN

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Our Joy
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HYMN XXXV.

Chatham Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 4th 5th and 6th Lines alone,

Divine Love.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall we find our longing heart
 All taken up by thee?

*O! may we pant and thirst to prove
 The greatness of redeeming Love,
 The Love of CHRIST to me.*

God only knows the Love of God,

O! that it now were shed abroad

In each poor longing Heart!

For Love I'd sigh, for Love I'd pine,

This only Portion, LORD be mine,

Be mine this better Part.

O! that we could for ever sit

With Mary, at the Master's Feet,

Be this our happy Choice!

Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,

Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth be this,

To hear the Bridegrooms Voice.

Thy only Love may we require,

Nothing on Earth beneath desire,

No-

Nothing in Heav'n above:
Let Earth and all its Trifles go,
Give us, O! LORD, thy Love to know,
Give us thy precious Love.

HYMN XXXVI.

Chatham Tune, as last Hymn.

CHRIST a Believers only Satis-
faction.

1 **I**S there a Thing beneath the Sky
 Can Comfort bring or satisfy,
 But our dear SAVIOUR'S Wounds?
Here is a sweet and constant Peace,
A Treasure full of richest Grace;
All else are empty Sounds.

2 Attend, my Soul, sink down with Shame
 Before his Face, who only came
 To suffer, bleed, and die:
O! think upon thy Sin and Guilt,
For which his precious Blood was spilt;
Thou didst him crucify.

3 See, thou vile Piece of sinful Dust,
 Thy dearest LORD sweat for thy Lust
 Till Drops of Blood fall down!
See how he yonder prostrate lies!

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*Observe his mournful Pray'rs and Cries.
Mark ev'ry Tear and Groan!*

4 See thy dear LORD dragg'd like a Thief,
Amidst Contempt, and Stripes, and Grief,
For thee a Sacrifice:

*Fasten'd unto the shameful Wood,
Despis'd by Men and bath'd in Blood,
So dear thy Ransom-Price!*

5 LORD, didst thou suffer thus for me,
Didst thou feel all this Misery,
To give me Life and Peace!

*Then let me bear it on my Heart,
My all is purchas'd by thy Smart,
Thy Blood signs my Release.*

H Y M N XXXVII.

Plymouth Tune, Particular Metre.

Women, 3d Line, when repeated.

Praying for Unity.

1 JESU, LORD, we look to thee,
Let us in thy Name agree;
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all Jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling Love
Ev'ry stumbling Block remove;

Each

*Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread thy Banner here.*

3 Make us of one Heart and Mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
Altogether like our LORD.

4 Let each for another care,
Each another's Burden bear ;
To thy Church the Pattern give,
Shew how true Believers live.

5 Let us then with Joy remove,
To thy Family above ;
On the Wings of Angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Tottenham Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 3d and 4th Lines when repeated, and in Chorus
2d Hallelujah and the 2d and 4th Praise.

Praise to CHRIST.

1 **B**RETHREN, let us join to bless
JESUS CHRIST, our Joy and Peace
*Let our Praise to him be giv'n,
High at GOD's right Hand in Heav'n !*

CHOR

Hallelujah
Praise the
Hallelujah

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CHORUS,

Hallelujah, Praise the LORD, *Hallelujah,*
Praise the Lord, Praise, Praise, Praise, Praise,
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

2 Master, see ! to Thee we bow,
Thou art LORD, and only Thou ;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy Church and Head.
Chorus, Hallelujah, Praise &c.

3 Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise our Priest and King ;
Worthy is thy Name of Praise,
Full of Glory full of Grace.
Chorus, Hallelujah, Praise &c.

4 Thou hast the glad Tidings brought,
Of Salvation by Thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy Church ! and we
Worship in their Company.
Chorus, Hallelujah, Praise &c.

5 We thy little Flock adore
Thee the LORD, for ever more !
Ever with us shew thy Love,
Till we join with those above !
Chorus, Hallelujah, Praise &c.

HYMN XXXIX.

*Havant Tune, Particular Metre,**Women 2d Line and when repeated.**Morning Praise.*

- 1 **R**ISE, my Soul adore thy Maker;
Angels praise, join thy Lays.
With them be Partaker.
- 2 Sov'reign LORD of ev'ry Spirit,
In thy Light lead me right,
Thro' my SAVIOUR's Merit.
- 3 Thou this Night wast my Protector,
With me stay all the Day,
Ever my Director.
- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy Peace be my Bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.
- 5 Holy, holy, holy, Giver
Of all Good, Life and Food,
Reign ador'd for ever.
- 6 Glory, Honor, Thanks and Blessing,
One in three, give we Thee,
Never, never ceasing.

HYMN

H Y M N XL.

Havant Tune, Particular Metre, as last Hymn.
Evening Praise.

- 1 **E**RE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour
This Day shew'd by my GOD,
I will bless my SAVIOUR.
- 2 O! my LORD what shall I render
To thy Name, still the same,
Gracious good and tender.
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy Peace be my Bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.
- 4 Visit me with thy Salvation;
Let thy Care now be near,
Round my Habitation.
- 5 Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my Tow'r,
Safely keep while I sleep,
Me with all thy Pow'r.
- 6 And when e're in Death I slumber,
Let me rise with the Wise,
Counted in their Number.

HYMN XLI.

*Monmouth Tune, Particular Metre.**Women 5th and 6th Lines and when repeated.**Universal Praise.*

- 1 **H**OW can we adore,
Or worthily Praise
Thy Goodness and Pow'r,
Thou GOD of all Grace!

*With Honor and Blessing
Before Thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing
Thee Father of all.*

- 2 The Heavens and Earth,
And Water and Air,
To thee owe their Birth,
Subsist by thy Care;

*While Angels are singing
Thy Praises above,*
We Mortals are bringing
Our Tribute of Love.

- 3 Thou SAVIOUR art One
With GOD the supreme
His eternal Son,
And equal with him:

Invested with Glory.

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On high dost Thou sit,
While Angels adore Thee,
And bow at thy Feet.

4 How great was thy Love !
How wond'rous thy Grace !
Thou cam'st from above
To save a lost Race ;
And Man to deliver,
Of Mary was born,
That every Believer
To God might return.

5 How soon will thy Seat
Of Judgment appear ;
Prepare us to meet,
And welcome Thee there !
Thy witnessing Spirit
In us shed abroad ;
And bid us inherit
The Kingdom of God !

H Y M N XLII.

Monmouth Tune, as last Hymn.

Paraphrase of Psalm 93.

Y E Servants of God,
Your Master proclaim ;

And publish abroad
 His wonderful Name :
The Name all-victorious
Of JESUS extol ;
 His Kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

- 2 GOD ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save ;
 And still he is nigh,
 His Presence we have :
The great Congregation
His Triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing Salvation
 To JESUS our King.

- 3 Salvation to GOD
 Who sits on the Throne
 Let all cry aloud
 And honour the Son,
Our JESUS's Praises
The Angels proclaim
 Fall down on their Faces
 And worship the LAMB.

- 4 Then let us adore,
 And give him his Right ;
 All Glory and Pow'r,
 And Wisdom and Might ;

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*All Honour and Blessing,
With Angels above ;
And Thanks never ceasing,
And infinite Love.*

H Y M N XLIII.

Bath Chapel Tune, Common Metre.

Women 3d Line and when repeated.

Praise to CHRIST.

- 1 **C**OME, let us all unite to praise
The SAVIOUR of Mankind,
Our thankful Hearts in solemn Lays
Be with our Voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall Dust his Worth declare,
When Angels try in vain ;
Their Faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of Man.
- 3 O ! LORD we cannot silent be,
By Love we are constrain'd
To offer our best Thanks to thee,
Our SAVIOUR and our Friend ?
- 4 Tho' feeble are our Essays,
Thy Love will not despise
Our grateful Songs of humble Praise,
Our well meant Sacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness show,
 And spread abroad thy Fame;
Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o're flow,
 And bless thy sacred Name!

6 Worship and Honour, Thanks and Love
 Be to our JESUS given!
By Men below, by Hosts above,
 By all in Earth and Heav'n!

H Y M N XLIV.

Huddersfield Tune, Common Metre.

The last Line in every Verse is sung by the Women alone.

Ascending to CHRIST in Heaven.

1 'TIS pure Delight, without Allay,
 JESUS to hear thy Name,
 My Spirit leaps with inward Joy,
I feel the sacred Flame.

2 My Passions hold a pleasing Reign,
 While Love inspires my Breast,
 Love, the divinest of the Train,
The Sov'reign of the Rest.

3 This is the Grace must live and sing,
 When Faith and Fear shall cease.
 Must sound from every joyful String
Thro' the sweet Groves of Bliss.

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4 Let Life immortal seize my Clay;
Let Love refine my Blood:
Her Flames can bear my Soul away,
Can bring me near my GOD.

5 Swift I ascend the heav'nly Place,
And hasten to my Home,
I leap to meet thy kind Embrace
I come O! LORD, I come.

6 Sink down ye separating Hills,
Let Guilt and Death remove,
'Tis Love that drives my Chariot Wheels,
And Death must yield to Love.

HYMN XLV.

Welch Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 3d and 4th Lines and 5th and 6th when repeated.

*A View of CHRIST as a suffering
High Priest.*

1 GREAT high Priest we view Thee (stooping,
With our Names upon thy Breast,
*In the Garden, groaning, drooping,
To the Ground with Horrors prest.
Weeping Angels stoop confounded
To behold their Maker thus,*

And

4 Let

And can we remain unwounded,
When we hope 'twas all for us?

- 2 On the Cross thy Body broken
Cancels ev'ry penal Tye,
Tempted Souls, produce this Token
All Demands to satisfy,
All is finish'd; do not doubt it,
But believe your dying LORD :
Never reason more about it;
Only take him at his Word.

- 3 LORD, we fain would trust Thee solely:
'Twas for us thy Blood was spilt.
Bruised Bridegroom, take us wholly;
Take and make us what thou wilt.
Thou hast borne the bitter Sentence
Part on Man's devoted Race;
True Belief and true Repentance
Are thy Gifts, thou God of Grace.

HYMN XLVI.

Welch Tune, as last Hymn.

The Excellency of Divine Love.

- 1 LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Joy of Heav'n to Earth come down
Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,
All thy faithful Mercies crown:

JESUS

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JESUS! *thou art all Compassion,*
Pure unbounded Love thou art;
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling Heart!

2 Breathe, O! breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled Breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit.
Let us find thy promis'd Rest:
Take away the Power of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be,
End of Faith as its Beginning,
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

solely!
ilt.
Come Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive!
Suddenly return and never,
Never more thy Temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as thy Hosts above;
Grace. Pray and Praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in thy precious Love.

Love. Finish then thy new Creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great Salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by Thee!
lling,
me down Chang'd from Glory into Glory,
Till in Heav'n we take our Place;

Till

Till we cast our Crowns before Thee,
Lost in Wonder, Love and Praise.

HYMN XLVII.

Maxfield's Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 5th and 6th Lines and 7th in Repeat, also the 1st and 3d Hallelujah.

Rejoicing alone in CHRIST JESUS.

- 1 **R**EJOICE evermore,
With Angels above,
In JESUS's Power,
In JESUS's Love,
With glad Exultation,
Your Triumph proclaim,
Ascribing Salvation
To GOD and the LAMB.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

- 2 Thou, LORD our Relief,
In Trouble hast been,
Hast sav'd us from Grief,
Hast sav'd us from Sin ;
The Pow'r of thy Spirit
Hath set our Hearts free,
And now we inherit,
All fulness in Thee.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 All fulness of Peace,
All fulness of Joy,

And

And spiritual Bliss
That never shall cloy.

To us it is given

*In JESUS to know,
A Kingdom of Heaven ;
An Heaven below.*

Hallelujah, &c.

No longer we join,
Where Sinners invite,
Or envy the Sinner
His sinful Delight ;

Their Joy is all Sadness

Their Mirth is all vain

Their Laughter is Madness

Their Pleasure is Pain. Hallelujah, &c.

O ! may they at last
With Sorrow return,
True Pleasure to taste
To joy, and not mourn ?

Our JESUS receiving,

Our Happiness prove,

The Joy of believing,

The Heaven of Love. Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN XLVIII.

*Maxfields Tune, as last Hymn.**Paraphrase on Zachariah. 13.*

1 THE Fountain of CHRIST,
Assist me to sing.

The Blood of our Priest,
Our sanctified King ;

Which perfectly cleanses
From Sin and from Filth ;
And richly dispenses
Salvation and Health.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah

2 This Fountain is such
(As Thousands can tell)
The Moment we touch
It's Streams, we are well.

All Waters besides them

*Are full of the Curse ;
For all that have try'd them*

Have only grown worse. Hallelujah, &c

3 This Fountain unseal'd
Stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd,
The great and the small ;
*Here's Strength for the weakly,
That hither are led ;*

*Here's**He**Th**Fro**Th**Th**Come n**Com**You can**Cor**This**Has**It ta**Whe**The Wa**With**To clean**Tho'**Geor**Privile**B**Le**Th**He*

Here's Health for the sickly ;

Here's Life for the dead. Hallelujah, &c

3. 1 4 This Fountain tho' rich,
From Charge is quite clear ;
The poorer the Wretch
The more welcome here.

Come needy, come guilty,

Come loathsome and bare ;

You can't come too filthy

Come just as you are. Hallelujah, &c.

5 This Fountain in vain
Has never been try'd ;
It takes out all Stain
Whenever apply'd :

The Water flows sweetly

With Virtue divine,

To cleanse Souls compleatly,

Tho' leprous as mine.

HYMN XLIX.

Georgia Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 3th and 5th Lines.

Priviledges of GOD's Children.

Bless'd are the Sons of GOD, (Blood :
They are bought with CHRIST's own

G 2

The

*They are ransom'd from the Grave,
Life eternal they shall have,
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity !*

- 2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the World begun ;
*They the Seal of this receive
When on JESUS they believe*
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in Eternity !

- 3 They are justify'd by Grace,
They enjoy a solid Peace ;
*All their Sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in GOD's great Day.*
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in Eternity.

- 4 They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of an heav'nly Birth ;
*Born of GOD they hate all Sin,
GOD's pure Seed remains within*
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in Eternity.

- 5 Tho' they suffer much on Earth,
Strangers quite to this World's Mirth,

*Yet they
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*Yet they have an inward Joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy.
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in Eternity.*

- 6 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of GOD, joint Heirs with CHRIST;
*One with GOD with JESUS one,
Glory is in them begun.*
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in Eternity.

H Y M N L.

Bristol Tune, Common Metre.

Women 3d and 4th Lines and 2d Hallelujah.

*The Pilgrims Answer, to enquiring
Strangers.*

- 1 **T**ELL us O! Women we would know
Whither so fast ye move;
*We, call'd to leave the World below,
Are seeking One above.*
Hallelujah, *Hallelujah*, Hallelujah! Amen.

- 2 Whence came ye, say, and to what place
That ye are trav'ling from?
*From Tribulation, we, thro' Grace,
Are now returning Home. Hallelujah, &c.*

3 Is not your native Country here?
 Like you not this Abode?
We seek a better Country far,
A City built by GOD. Hallelujah, &c.

4 Thither we travel nor intend,
 Short of that Bliss to rest;
Nor we, till in the Sinner's Friend
Our weary Souls are blest. Hallelujah, &c.

5 Friend of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
 SAVIOUR, we ask no more;
Hail LAMB of GOD, for Sinners slain,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore. Hall. &c.

HYMN LI.

Jubilee Tune, Long Metre.

Women 2d Line with latter Part of last Line.

The Love of GOD, in saving Sin-
ners.

1 **O**F him who did Salvation bring,
 LORD may we ever think and sing!
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive,
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Eternal LORD, Almighty KING,
 All Heav'n doth with thy Triumph ring!

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4 When
 LORD!

Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
Devils with Force, and *Men with Love.*

- 3 To purge our Sins, CHRIST shed his Blood,
He dy'd to bring us near to GOD !
Let all the World fall down and know,
That none but GOD such *Love could shew.*

HYMN LII.

Leeds Tune, Long Metre.

Women 3d and Part of 4th Lines when repeated.

*A preparatory Thought for the
LORD'S Supper.*

- 1 **W**Hat heavenly MAN or lovely GOD,
Comes marching downward from the
Array'd in Garments roll'd in Blood; (Skies,
With Joy and Pity in his Eyes.

- 2 THE LORD ! the SAVIOUR ! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the Smiles he wears ;
Dear glorious MAN that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in Agonies and Tears.

- 3 Lo ! he reveals his shining Breast ;
I own those Wounds, and I adore :
Lo ! he prepares a royal Feast,
Sweet Fruit of the sharp Pangs he bore !

- 4 Whence flow these Favours so divine ;
LORD ! why so lavish of thy Blood ?

*Why for such earthly Souls as mine,
This Heav'nly Flesh, this sacred Food!*

5 'Twas his own Love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed Tree;
'Twas his own Love this Table spread
For such unworthy Worms as we.

6 Then let us taste the SAVIOUR'S Love,
Come, Faith, and feed upon the LORD:
With glad consent our Lips shall move
And sweet HOSANNAS crown the Board,

HYMN LIII.

Bethesda Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 5th and 6th Lines.

GOD'S Fidelity to his Promises.

1 **T**HE Promises I sing,
Which sov'reign Love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal KING
His Words of Grace revoke;
They stand secure,
And stedfast still;
Not ZION'S Hill
Abides so sure.

2 The Mountains melt away
When once the JUDGE appears,
And Sun and Moon decay,
That measure Mortals Years:

But still the same
In radiant Lines
 The Promise shines
 Thro' all the Flame.

- 3 Their Harmony shall sound
 Thro' mine attentive Ears,
 When Thunders cleave the Ground,
 And dissipate the Spheres;
Midst all the Shock
Of that dread Scene,
 I stand serene,
 Thy Word my Rock.

H Y M N LIV.

Bethesda Tune, as last Hymn.

The Song of Moses and the LAMB.

- 1 **I**SR'EL, thy Tribute bring,
 To God's victorious Name;
 The Song of Moses sing,
 Of Moses and the LAMB:
Improve his Lays
The Theme exceeds,
 And nobler Deeds
 Demand our Praise.

- 2 The Prince of Hell arose
 With impious Rage and Pride,

And

And 'midst our num'rous Foes
Our feeble Pow'r defy'd ;

" I will o'er take

" And I destroy,

" My Hand with Joy

" Shall force thee back."

3 Thy Hand, Almighty LORD,
Thy trembling ISR'EL saves ;
Thine unresisted Word
Divides the threat'ning Waves ;
Thy Hosts pass o'er
The Foe o'er thrown
Sinks like a Stone
To rise no more.

4 Our Triumphs we prepare,
And chearful Anthems raise ;
JEHOVAH'S Arm made bare
Demands immortal Praise ;
And while we sing,
Ye Shores, proclaim
His wondrous Name,
Ye Desarts ring.

5 Thro' all the Wilderness
Thy Presence LORD shall lead ;
And bring us to the Place,
Thy sov'reign Love decreed ;

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Where all around
Hofanna's Sound,
And Transport reigns.*

HYMN LV.

Bethesda Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 5th Line.

The Gospel Beggar.

ENCOURAG'D by thy Word
Of Promise to the Poor,
Behold a Beggar LORD,
Waits at thy Mercy's Door!
*No Hand, no Heart O! LORD, but thine,
Can help or pity Wants like mine.*

The Beggar's usual Plea
Relief from Men to gain,
If offer'd unto Thee,
I know, Thou wouldst disdain:
*And those which move thy gracious Ear,
Are such as Men would scorn to hear,*

I have no Right to say,
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a Day
When I possessed more.

Thou

Thou

*Thou know'st that from my very Birth,
I've been the poorest Wretch on Earth,*

- 4 Tho' Crumbs are much too good
For such a Dog as I,
No less than Childrens Food
My Soul can satisfy.

*O! do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all Thou canst bestow.*

- 5 Thy Thoughts, Thou only wise,
Our Thoughts and Ways transcend
Far as the arched Skies
Above the Earth extend.

*Such Pleas as mine Men would not bear,
But GOD receives a Beggar's Prayer.*

H Y M N LVI.

St. George's Tune, Common Metre.

Women sing the 3d Line alone.

The Heart given away.

- 1 **I**F there are Passions in my Soul,
And Passions sure there be;
Now they are all at thy Controul,
My JESUS all for Thee.

- 2 If Love, that pleasing Power, can rest
In Hearts so hard as mine,

Come,

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1 **A**
*Awake
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*Come, gentle SAVIOUR, to my Breast,
For all my Love is Thine.*

2 Let the gay World with treach'rous Art,
Allure mine Eyes in vain :
I have convey'd away my Heart,
Ne'er to return again.

4 I feel my warmest Passions dead,
To all that Earth can boast ;
This Soul of mine was never made
For Vanity and Dust.

5 Now I can fix my Thoughts above,
Amidst their flatt'ring Charms
Till the dear LORD that bath my Love
Shall call me to his Arms.

H Y M N LVII.

Great Milton Tune, Common Metre.

The 3d and 7th Line in each Verse, when repeated, to be sung
by the Women alone.

*The near Approach of Salvation,
an Engagement to Diligence.*

1 **A** Wake, ye Saints, and raise your Eyes
And raise your Voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign Love,
That shews Salvation nigh.

H

On

On all the Wings of Time it flies ;
 Each Moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining Day !
 Welcome each closing Year !

2 Not many Years their Round shall run,
 Nor many Mornings rise,
Ere all its Glories stand reveal'd
 To our admiring Eyes.
 Ye Wheels of Nature speed your Course;
 Ye mortal Pow'rs decay ;
Fast as ye bring the Night of Death,
 Ye bring eternal Day.

HYMN LVIII.

Abingdon Tune, Common Metre.

The 3d and 4th Lines in each Verse, when repeated are sung
 by the Women alone.

CHRIST *precious to the Believer.*

1 JESUS I love thy charming Name ;
 'Tis Music to my Ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That Heav'n and Earth should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my Soul,
 My Transport and our Trust :
Jewels to Thee are gaudy Toys,
And Gold is sordid Dust.

3 All

- 3 All my capacious Pow'rs can wish
 In Thee do richly meet :
Not to my Eyes is Light so dear,
Nor Friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy Grace still dwells upon my Heart,
 And sheds it's Fragrance there ;
The noblest Balm for all my Wounds,
The Cordial for my Care.
- 5 I'll speak the Honors of thy Name
 With my last lab'ring Breath ;
Then speechless clasp Thee in my Arms,
The Antidote of Death.

HYMN LIX.

Witton's Tune, Common Metre,

The 3d Line in each Verse when repeated is sung by the
 Women alone.

*The Christians Prospect for Time
 and Eternity.*

- 1 **M**Y Soul, triumphant in the LORD,
 Shall tell it's Joys abroad ;
And march with holy Vigour on,
 Supported by my GOD.

- 2 Through all the winding Maze of Life,
 His Hand hath been my Guide,

And in that long experienc'd Care
My Heart shall still confide.

3 His Grace thro' all the Defart flows,
An unexhausted Stream :
That Grace on ZION's sacred Mount
Shall be my endless Theme.

4 Beyond the choicest Joys of Earth
These distant Courts, I love ;
But O ! I burn with strong desire
To view thy House above.

5 Mingled with all the shining Band,
My Soul would Thee adore ;
A Pillar in thy Temple fix'd,
To be remov'd no more,

HYMN LX.

Irish Tune, Common Metre.

The 3d Line by Women and when repeated

The welcome Messenger.

1 **L**ORD, when we see a Saint of thine
Lie gasping for his Breath,
With longing Eyes and Looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in Death ;

2 Our Souls are rising on the Wing,
 To venture in his Place;
For when grim Death has lost his Sting
 He has an Angel's Face.

3 JESUS, then purge my Crimes away,
 'Tis Guilt creates my Fears,
'Tis Guilt gives Death its fierce Array,
 And all the Arms it bears.

4 Oh! if my threat'ning Sins were gone,
 And Death has lost its Sting,
I could invite the Angels on,
 And chide his lazy Wing.

5 Away these interposing Days,
 And let the Lovers meet;
The Angels has a cold Embrace,
 But kind, and soft, and sweet.

6 Joyful I'd lay this Body down,
 And leave the lifeless Clay,
Without a Sigh, without a Groan,
 And stretch and soar away.

HYMN LXI.

*Rochford Tune, Long Metre.**The 3d Line in each Verse by the Women, also when repeated.**Seeking GOD, for the Communica-
tion of his Spirit.*

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sov'reign, from thy Throne
And send thy various Blessings down :
While by thine ISR'EL Thou art sought,
Attend the Pray'r thy Word hath taught,
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest Heart with Love;
Soften to Flesh the rugged Stone,
And let thy godlike Pow'r be known.
- 3 Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest Eyes
Shall Floods of pious Sorrow rise ;
While all their pious Souls are borne
To seek that Grace which now they scorn.
- 4 O! let a holy Flock await,
Num'rous around thy Temple-Gate,
Each pressing on with Zeal to be
A living Sacrifice to Thee.

- 5 In Answer to our fervent Cries,
Give us to see thy Church arise ;
Or, if that Blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low Estate.

HYMN LXII.

Tabernacle Tune, Particular Metre.

The four last Lines by Women alone.

The Triumphs of divine Faith.

- 1 **H** E A D of the Church Triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till Thou appear,
Thy Members here,
Shall sing like those in Glory :
We lift our Hearts and Voices
With blest Anticipation,
And cry aloud
And give to GOD
The Praise of our Salvation.

- 2 While in Affliction's Furnace,
And passing thro' the Fire,
Thy Love we praise,
Which knows our Days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our Hands exulting,

*In Thine Almighty Favor,
Thy Love divine
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.*

- 3 Thou do'st conduct thy People
Thro' Torrents of Temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilst Thou art near,
The Fire of Tribulation,
The World, with Sin and Satan,
*In vain our March opposes;
By Thee we shall
Break thro' them all;
And sing the Song of Moses.*

- 4 By Faith we see the Glory,
To which Thou wilt advance us,
The Cross despise
For that high Prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy
*We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At GOD's Right-hand,
To take us up to Heaven.*

HYMN LXIII.

Wild's Tune, Long Metre.

Women 3d Line and when repeated.

GOD *shining into the Heart.*

- 1 PRAISE to the LORD of boundless Might,
 With uncreated Glories bright !
His Presence gilds the Worlds above ;
 Th' unchanging Source of Light & Love.
- 2 Our rising Earth his Eye beheld,
 When in substantial Darkness veil'd ;
The shapeless Chaos, Nature's Womb,
 Lay buried in eternal Gloom.
- 3 Let there be Light, JEHOVAH said,
 And Light o'er all its Face was spread ;
Nature array'd in Charms unknown,
 Gay with its new born Lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the Mind, when lost it lies
 In Shades of Ignorance and Vice ;
And darts from Heav'n a vivid Ray,
 And changes Midnight into Day.
- 5 Shine mighty GOD, with Vigour shine
 On this benighted Heart of mine ;

And

*And let thy Glories stand reveal'd,
As in the SAVIOUR's Face beheld.*

- 6 My Soul reviv'd by Heav'n-born Day,
Thy radiant Image shall display,
While all my Faculties unite
To praise the LORD, who gives me Light.

HYMN LXIV.

Carmarthen Tune, Common Metre.

Women 3d 4th and 6th Lines.

*Living by Faith in CHRIST, who
loved us.*

- 1 **M**Y JESUS, while in mortal Flesh
I hold my frail Abode,
Still would my Spirit rest on Thee,
Its SAVIOUR and its GOD.
By hourly Faith in Thee I live
'Midst all my Grievs and Snares;
And Death encounter'd in thy sight,
No Form of Horror wears.

- 2 Yes, Thou hast lov'd this sinful Worm,
Hast giv'n Thyself for me;
Hast bought me from eternal Death,
Nail'd to the bloody Tree.
On thy dear Cross I fix my Eyes,
Then raise them to thy Seat;

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Till Love dissolves my inmost Soul,
At its Redeemer's Feet,

3 Be dead my Heart to worldly Charms
Be dead to ev'ry Sin;
And tell the boldest Foes without
That JESUS reigns within.
My Life with his connected stands,
Nor asks a surer Ground;
He keeps me in his gracious Arms,
Where Heav'n it self is found.

H Y M N LXV.

West-street Tune, Particular Metre.

The 4th and last Lines in each Verse, by Women.

Singing of divine Love and Mercy.

1 COME and let us ascend,
My Companion and Friend,
To a taste of the Banquet above
If thine Heart be as mine
If for JESUS it pine,
Come up into the Char'ot of Love,

2 Who in JESUS confide,
They are bold to outride,
The Storms of Afflictions beneath
With thy Prophet they soar

To

To that heavenly Shore,
And out-fly all the Arrows of Death.

3 By Faith we are come
 To our permanent Home,
 By Hope we the Rapture improve :
By Love we still rise,
 And look down on the Skies,
For the Heaven of Heavens is Love.

4 Who on Earth can conceive
 How happy we live
 In the City of GOD the great KING !
What a Concert of Praise,
 When our JESUS's Grace,
The whole heavenly Company sing !

5 What a rapturous Song
 When the glorify'd Throng
 In the Spirit of Harmony join :
Join all the glad Choirs,
 Hearts, Voices and Lyres,
And the Chorus is Mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry
 To the King of the Sky.
 To the great everlasting I AM,
To the LAMB that was slain,
 And liveth again,
Hallelujah to GOD and the LAMB !

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HYMN LXVI.

Portsmouth Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 3d Line when repeated, the 4th Line, also the 5th
Line when repeated.

*Rejoicing in CHRIST as our King
and Judge.*

1 **R**EJOICE the LORD is KING;
Your LORD and KING adore,
*Mortals give Thanks, and sing
And triumph evermore:*
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns
The GOD of Truth and Love,
*When he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:*
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
*The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our SAVIOUR giv'n:*
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at GOD's right Hand
Till all his Foes submit,

I

And

*And bow at his Command,
And fall beneath his Feet :
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.*

- 5 Rejoice in glorious Hope,
JESUS the Judge shall come,
*And take his Servants up
To their eternal Home :*
We soon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's Voice,
The Trump of GOD shall sound rejoice!

HYMN LXVII.

Mitcham Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 2d, 4th and 7th Lines alone.

At the Funeral of a Christian.

- 1 **A**H! lovely Appearance of Death,
*No Sight upon Earth is so fair ;
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead Body compare ;
With solemn Delight I survey
The Corps when the Spirit is fled,
In Love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in the stead,*

- 2 How blest is our Brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his Mind ;

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How easy the Soul that has left
The wearisome Body behind!
 Of Evil incapable thou,
 Whose Relics with Envy I see;
No longer in Misery now,
 No longer a Sinner like me.

3 This Earth is affected no more
With Sicknefs or shaken with Pain;
 The War in the Members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
 No Anger hence forward, or Shame,
 Shall redden this innocent Clay,
Extinguished is the animal Frame,
 And Passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing Head is at rest
Its thinking and achings are o'er;
 This quiet immoveable Breast
Is heav'd by Affliction no more;
 This Heart is no longer the Seat
 Of Trouble and torturing Pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

5 The Lids he so seldom could close,
By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal Repose
Have strangely forgotten to weep:

The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
 These Hollows from Water are free;
The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes.
 And Evil they never shall see.

- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a Prison I breathe;
 And still for Deliverance pine,
And press to the Issues of Death:
 What now with my Tears I bedew,
 O! might I this Moment become;
My Spirit created anew,
 My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb!

HYMN LXVIII.

Mitcham Tune, as last Hymn.

A Funeral Hymn.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to JESUS on high!
Another has enter'd his Rest;
 Another has 'scap'd to the Sky,
And lodg'd in IMMANUEL's Breast:
 The Soul of our Brother is gone
 To heighten the Triumph above;
Exalted to JESUS's Throne;
 And clasp'd in the Arms of his Love!

- 2 How happy the Angels that fall
Transported at JESUS's Throne

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The Saints whom he soonest shall call,
To share in the Feast of the LAMB!
 No longer imprison'd in Clay,
 Who next from this Dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summon'd away?
 My merciful GOD, is it I?

O! JESUS if this be thy Will,
That suddenly I shall depart,
 Thy Council of Mercy reveal,
And whisper the Call to my Heart:
 O! give me a Signal to know
 If soon Thou would'st have me remove,
And leave this dull Body below,
 And fly to the Regions of Love.

HYMN LXIX.

Hotham Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 5th and part of last Line, also when repeated.

The Christian in Temptation, seeking Shelter.

I JESU, Lover of my Soul,
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,
 While the nearer Waters roll,
 While the Tempest still is high:
Hide me, O! my SAVIOUR, hide;
 'Till the Storm of Life is past;

Safe into the Haven guide,
O! receive my Soul at last!

- 2 Other Refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless Soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
All my Trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my Help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.
- 3 Thou, O! CHRIST, art all I want;
 More then all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind
Just and holy is thy Name;
 I am all Unrighteousness!
 Vile, and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.
- 4 Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my Sin:
 Let the healing Streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my Heart,
Rise to all Eternity!

HYMN

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HYMN LXX.

*Hotham Tune, as last Hymn.**For the beginning of Worship.*

1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
 At thy Feet we humbly bow :
 O ! do not our Suit disdain,
 Shall we seek Thee, LORD, in vain ?
 LORD, on Thee our Souls depend,
 In Compassion now descend :
 Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

2 In thine own appointed Way,
 Now we seek Thee, here we stay ;
 LORD, we know not how to go,
 Till a Blessing Thou bestow.
Send some Message from thy Word,
 That may Joy and Peace afford ;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the Time of Joy return ;
 Those that are cast down, lift up ;
 Make them strong in Faith and Hope !
Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind ;

Heal

Heal the sick, the Captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in Thee !

HYMN LXXI.

Faversham Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 2d and 3d Lines alone.

Prayer to CHRIT.

- 1 **H**OLY LAMB, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live :
Day and Night they cry to Thee,
“ As Thou art, so let us be.”
- 2 Fix, O! fix my wav’ring Mind ;
To thy Cross my Spirit bind ;
Earthly Passions far remove ;
 Perfect all our Souls in Love.
- 3 Dust and Ashes tho’ we be,
Full of Sin and Misery ;
Thine we are, Thou Son of God :
 Take the Purchase of thy Blood.
- 4 Boundless Wisdom, Pow’r divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine ;
Praise by all to Thee be giv’n,
 Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav’n !

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HYMN LXXII.

*Fewersham Tune, as last Hymn.**Singing of redeeming Love.*

1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly Theme,
Sing aloud in JESU's Name;
Ye, who JESU's Kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming Love.

2 Ye who see the Father's Grace;
Beaming in the SAVIOUR's Face,
As to CANA'N on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming Love.

3 Mourning Souls dry up your Tears;
Banish all your guilty Fears;
See your Guilt and Curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming Love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been;
Willing Slaves to Death and Sin;
Now from Bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming Love.

5 Welcome all by Sin oppress'd,
Welcome, to his sacred Rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming Love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,
His tremendous Foes and ours,
From their cursed Empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming Love.

7 Hither then your Music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful String;
Mortals join the Hosts above,
 Join to praise redeeming Love.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Cudham Tune, Common Metre.

The last Line in every Verse is sung by the Women alone.

CHRIST, *the Lord our Righteous-*
ness.

1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy Name,
 And in that Name we trust,
 Thou art the LORD our Righteousness,
Thou art thine ISRAEL's Boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy Throne,
 And low in Dust we lie,
 Till JESUS stretch his gracious Arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The Sins of one most righteous Day
 Might plunge us in Despair;

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Yet all the Crimes of num'rous Years
Shall our great Surēty clear.

That spotless Robe, which he hath wrought,
 Shall deck us all around ;
 Nor by the piercing Eye of GOD
One Blemish shall be found.

Pardon and Peace and lively Hope
 To Sinners now are giv'n ;
 Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their Wilderness for Heav'n.

With Joy we taste that Manna now,
 Thy Mercy scatters down ;
 We seal our trembling Vows to Thee
And wait the promis'd Crown.

H Y M N LXXIV.

Oat-Hall Chapel Tune, Short Metre.

Women 3d Line when repeated.

*The Love of God shed abroad in
 the Heart, by his Spirit.*

DECESEND, immortal Dove ;
 Spread thy kind Wings abroad,
And wrapt in Flames of holy Love,
 Bear all my Soul to GOD.

- 2 JESUS my Lord reveal
In Charms of Grace divine,
And be thyself the sacred Seal,
That Pearl of Price is mine.
- 3 Behold my Heart expands
To catch the heavenly Fire;
It longs to feel the gentle Bands,
And groans with strong Desire,
- 4 Thy Love my God appears,
And brings Salvation down,
My Cordial thro' this Vale of Tears,
In Paradise my Crown.

HYMN LXXV.

The Jews grand Chorus.

The 5th and 6th Lines of every Verse to be sung by the
men only, when repeated.

*I am the GOD of Abraham.**On Exodus iii. 6.*

- 1 **T**HE GOD of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting Days,
And GOD of Love:
JEHOVAH Great I Am!
By Earth and Heav'n confess'd

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bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme Command
From Earth I rise—and seek the Joys
At his right Hand :
I all on Earth forsake,
Its Wisdom, Fame and Power ;
And Him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tow'r.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all sufficient Grace
Shall guide me all my happy Days,
In all my Ways ;
He calls a Worm his Friend !
He calls himself my GOD !
And he shall save me to the End,
Through JESU's Blood.

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on his Oath depend,
I shall, on Eagles Wings up-born,
To Heav'n ascend :
I shall behold his Face,
I shall his Pow'r adore,
And sing the Wonders of his Grace
For evermore.

- 5 Tho' Nature's Strength decay,
And Earth and Hell withstand,
To Cana's Bounds I urge my Way,
At his Command :
The watry Deep I pass,
With JESUS in my View ;
And thro' the howling Wilderness
My Way pursue.
- 6 The goodly Land I see
With Peace and Plenty blest,
A Land of sacred Liberty,
And endless Rest :
There Milk and Honey flow,
And Oil and Wine abound ;
And Trees of Life for ever grow,
With Mercy crown'd.
- 7 There dwells the LORD our KING,
The LORD our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the World and Sin,
The Prince of Peace :
On Sion's sacred Height,
His Kingdom still maintains,
And glorious, with his Saints in Light,
For ever reigns.
- 8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his Side,

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Arrays in Garments white and pure,
 His spotless Bride :
With Streams of sacred Bliss,
With Groves of living Joy,
 With all the Fruits of Paradise,
 He doth supply.

9 Before the great THREE ONE
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the Wonders he hath done
 Thro' all their Land :
The list'ning Spheres attend,
And swell the growing Fame,
 And sing in Songs, which never end,
 The wond'rous NAME.

10 The GOD who reigns on high,
 The great Arch-Angels sing,
 And Holy, Holy, Holy, cry,
 ALMIGHTY KING ;
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be ;
 JEHOVAH, Father, Great I AM,
 We worship Thee.

11 Before the SAVIOUR's Face,
 The ransom'd Nations bow ;
 O'er whelm'd at his Almighty Grace,
 For ever new :

*He shews his Prints of Love,
They kindle to a Flame !
And sound thro' all the Worlds above,
The slaughter'd LAMB.*

- 12 The whole triumphant Host
Give Thanks to GOD on high ;
Hail Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,
They ever cry :
*Hail Abraham's GOD and mine !
(I join the heav'nly Lays)*
All Might and Majesty are thine,
And endless Praise.

H Y M N LXXVI.

Fulham Tune, Long Metre.

Women 3d and 6th Lines alone.

*All Things in Heaven and Earth
invited to Praise the LORD.*

- 1 PRAISE to the GOD who arch'd the Sky,
Is the high note that wakes my tongue:
Praise to the GOD who reigns on high,
Shall be the Cadence of my Song :
Celestial Worlds, your Maker's Name
Resound, thro' ev'ry shining Coast ;
Our GOD a greater Praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his Glories most.

2 Angels that his Commission bear,
 And ye that wait around his Throne,
Next in the tuneful Work appear ;
 And send your lofty Honors down,
 Stupendous Globe of blazing Day :
Praise him in your sublime Career ;
 He struck from Night thy peerless Ray,
 Weigh'd thee thy Path and guides thee there.

3 Let Youth of ev'ry Sex and Rank,
 Exulting in the Bloom of Life,
Your GOD for all his Blessings thank,
 And join the loud harmonious Strife
 Hoary in Holiness, the Sage
With grateful Songs should meet in Death,
 And Infants in their tender Age,
 Should lisp their GOD with joyful Breath.

4 From Clime to Clime, from Shore to Shore,
 Be the Almighty GOD ador'd ;
He made the Nations by his Pow'r,
 And sways them by his sov'reign Word.
 At once let Nature's ample round
To GOD the vast Thanksgiving raise :
 His high Perfections know no bound,
 But fills th' Immensity of Space.

HYMN LXXVII.

Clapham Tune, Particular Metre.

Women sing the 5th Line and when repeated.

CHRIST *the only sure Guide.*

1 **G**UIDE me, O! thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren Land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'rful Hand:
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the chrystal Fountain
 When the healing Streams do flow,
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my Journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield,

3 Musing on my Habitation,
 Musing on my heav'nly Home;
 Sets my Soul for Glory longing;
 Come Lord JESUS, quickly come:
Vanity is all I see, Vanity is all I see
 Come Lord JESUS, come to me.

4 When I tread the Verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious Fears subside;

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Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction;
 Land me safe on Cana'n's side:
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Trumpet Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 4th and Part of 5th Lines.

The second Coming of CHRIST.

1 **H**E comes! he comes! the Judge severe,
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
 His Light'nings flash, his Thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful Soul;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful Soul.

2 From Heav'n angelic Voices sound,
 See the Almighty JESUS crown'd!
 Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
And Glory decks the SAVIOUR'S Face;
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
 Glory decks the SAVIOUR'S Face.

3 Descending on his azure Throne,
 He claims the Kingdom for his own;
 The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their triumphant LORD.

Hail!

*Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant LORD.*

- 4 Shout all the People of the Sky,
And all the Saints of the most High,
Our God, who now his right maintains,
For ever and for ever reigns.
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever, and for ever reigns.

- 5 The Father praise, the Son adore
The Spirit blest for evermore :
Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome the great THREE in ONE
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome, the great THREE in ONE.

HYMN LXXIX.

Bexley Tune, Common Metre.

Women 2d Line only-

*Divine Mercies and Judgments
compared.*

- 1 **I**N thy Rebukes, all gracious God,
What soft Compassion reigns!
What gentle Accents of thy Voice
Assuage thy Children's Pains.

2 "When

- 2 " When I correct my chosen Sons,
 " A Father's Bowels move :
 " One transient Moment sounds my wrath,
 " But endless is my Love."
- 3 Our Faith shall look thro' ev'ry Tear,
 And view thy smiling Face,
And Hope, amidst our Sighs, shall tune
 An Anthem to thy Grace.
- 4 Gather at length my weary Soul,
 To join thy Saints above ;
For I would learn a Song of Praise
 Eternal as thy Love.

HYMN LXXX.

Winchester Tune, Long Metre.

Women 3d Line alone.

*The Heart purified to unfeign'd
Love of the Saints, by the Spirit
of GOD.*

- 1 GREAT Spirit of immortal Love
 Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;
 With Ardour strong these Breasts inflame
 To all that own a SAVIOUR's Name.

2 Still

2 Still let the heav'nly Fire endure
Fervent and vig'rous, true and pure:
Let ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Hand
Join in the dear fraternal Band.

3 Celestial Dove, descend, and bring
The smiling Blessings on thy Wing;
And make us taste those Sweets below,
Which in the blissful Regions grow.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Clarke's Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 5th and 6th Lines alone.

A Sight of CHRIST crucify'd.

1 JESUS drinks the bitter Cup;
The Wine Press treads alone,
Rents the Graves and Mountains up,
By his expiring Groan:
Lo! the Pow'rs of Heav'n he shakes,
Nature in Convulsions lies,
Earth's profoundest Centre quakes,
The great JEHOVAH dies.

2 O my God, he dies for me,
And felt the mortal Smart!
See him hanging on the Tree,
A Sight that breaks my Heart!

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Sinners,
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3 Weep,
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*O! that all to Thee might turn,
Sinners, ye may love him too,
Look on Him ye pierc'd and mourn;
For one who bled for you.*

3 Weep, o'er your Desire and Hope,
With Tears of humblest Love;
Sing, for JESUS is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above;
*Lives our Head to die no more,
Pow'r is all to JESUS giv'n,
Worship'd as he was before,
Th' immortal King of Heav'n.*

HYMN LXXXII.

Hexham Tune, Particular Metre.

Women 4th and 5th Lines alone.

CHRIST *in the Garden of Geth-
semane.*

1 JESUS while he dwelt below,
As divine Historians say,
To a Place would often go;
*Near to Kedron's Brook it lay;
In this Place he lov'd to be,
And 'twas nam'd Gethsemane.*

2 'Twas a Garden as we read,
At the Foot of Olivet,

Low

Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone Retreat ;
When from Noise he would be free,
Then he sought Gethsemane.

- 3 Oh ! what Wonders Love has done !
But how little understood !
GOD well knows and GOD alone,
What produc'd that Sweat of Blood ;
Who can thy deep Wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane.
- 4 Hither, LORD, thou didst resort
Oft Times with thy little Train,
Here wouldst keep thy private Court ;
Oh ! confer that Grace again.
LORD, resort with *worthless me*
Oft Times to Gethsemane.
- 5 True, I can't deserve to share
In a Favour so divine,
But, since Sin first fix'd thee there,
None have greater Sins than mine ;
And to this my woeful Plea
Witness thou Gethsemane,
- 6 Here's my Claim and here alone ;
None a SAVIOUR more can need,

Deeds
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7 SAVIOUR
From
Thaw
Pierce
Wound
Melt i

8 Father
One A
Hymn
In thy
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Bless

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Father
Th

Deeds of Right'ousness I've none;
No, not one good Work to plead,
Not a Glimpse of Hope for me;
 Only in Gethsemane.

7 SAVIOUR, all the Stone remove
 From my flinty frozen Heart,
 Thaw it with the Beams of Love:
Pierce it with thy sov'reign Dart,
Wound the Heart that wounded Thee,
 Melt it in Gethsemane.

8 Father, Son and Holy-Ghost,
 One Almighty GOD of Love,
 Hymn'd by all the heav'nly Host
In thy shining Courts above,
We poor Sinners, gracious THREE,
 Bless Thee for Gethsemane.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Folkstone Tune, Short Metre.

Women the 3d Line and when repeated.

Looking upward.

1 **T**HE Heavens invite my Eyes,
 The Stars salute me round;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
 Thus groveling on the Ground.

- 2 My warmer Spirits move,
And make Attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for Wings of Love
To raise me swift and high.
- 3 Vain World, farewell to you,
Heaven is my native Air;
I bid my Friends a short Adieu,
Impatient to be there.
- 4 I feel my Powers releas'd,
From their old fleshly Clod;
Fair Guardian bear me up in haste,
And set me near my God.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Denmark Tune, Long Metre.

Women 2d Verse, 2d and part of last Line of 3d Verse, also
last Line in Verse 4th.

Paraphrase on Psalm C.

- 1 **B**EFORE JEHOVAH's awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy,
Know that the Lord is GOD alone!
He can create and He destroy.

- 2 His sou'reign Pow'r without our Aid,
Made us of Clay and form'd us Men;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

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Salvation

3 We'll croud his Gates with thankful Songs
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

4 Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vast as Eternity thy Love,
Firm as a Rock, thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

H Y M N . LXXXV.

Wareham Tune, Long Metre.

Women 2d Line only.

GOD the Author of Consolation.

1 THE LORD how rich his Comforts are!
How wide they spread! how high they rise!
He pours in Balm to bleeding Hearts,
And wipes the Tears from flowing Eyes.

2 I have no Hope my Spirit cry'd,
Just trembling on the Brink of Hell;
I am thy Hope the LORD reply'd,
My Love secures it's Fav'rites well.

3 My grateful Soul shall speak thy Praise,
Who turns its Tremblings into Songs;
And those that mourn shall learn from me,
Salvation to our God belongs.

HYMN LXXXVI.

*Ottford Tune, Common Metre.**Women 3d Line and when repeated.*

GOD *say to the Soul, that he is its
Salvation.*

1 **S**ALVATION! O melodious Sound
To wretched dying Men!
*Salvation, that from GOD proceeds,
And leads to GOD again!*

2 Rescu'd from Hell's eternal Gloom,
From Fiends, and Fires, and Chains:
*Rais'd to a Paradise of Bliss,
Where Love and Glory reigns.*

3 But O! may a degen'rate Soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
*Presume to raise a trembling Eye
To Blessings so divine.*

4 My Saviour GOD, no Voice but Thine
My dying Hopes can raise:
*Speak thy Salvation to my Soul,
And turn its Tears to praise.*

5 My Saviour GOD, this broken Voice,
Transported shall proclaim,

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*And call on all the Angelic Harps
To sound so sweet a Name.*

H Y M N LXXXVII.

Rochester Tune, Common Metre.

Women 3d Line alone, and when repeated.

Light shining out of Darknefs.

GOD moves in a myfterious Way,
His Wonders to perform;
*He plants his Footsteps on the Sea
And rides upon the Storm.*

2 Deep in unfathomable Mines,
Of never failing Skill
He treasures up his vast Designs :
And work's his sov'reign Will.

3 Ye fearful Saints fresh Courage take,
The Clouds ye fo much dread,
Are big with Mercy and shall break
With Bleffings on your Head.

4 Judge not the LORD by feeble Sense,
But trust him for his Grace
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a fmiling Face.

His Purpofes are rip'ning faft,
Unfolding ev'ry Hour

*The Bud may have a bitter Taste ;
But sweet will be the Flow'r.*

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scans his Works in vain
GOD is his own Interpreter ;
And he will make it plain.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Oxford Tune, Common Metre.

Women 2 last Lines when repeated, also the 1st, 3d, and 5th
Hallelujahs.

For a Sabbath Day Morning.

- 1 **W**elcome blest morn, on thee the King
Of Saints his Grace displays ;
*On thee he rose, and his Saints bring
The Sacrifice of Praise.*
Hall. Hall. Hall. Hall. Hall. Hall.

- 2 With chearful Steps the Saints ascend
The Temple of the LORD,
*To sing his Praises and attend
The Preaching of his Word.*

Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 **JESUS** I long to hear and tell
The Wonders of thy Grace ;
*And where thy Presence is would dwell
To view thy lovely Face. Hallelujah, &c.*

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4 The rich Provisions of thy House

Fill me with pure Delight :

I joy with Saints to pay my Vows

Till Faith is turn'd to Sight.

Hallelujah. &c.

5 Shine forth from off the Mercy Seat

While I before Thee stand ;

This Day my Soul with Blessings meet

That flow from thy Right Hand.

Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN LXXXIX.

Palmer's Tune, Long Metre.

Women 3d and 7th Lines, also repeat 7th Line.

Thankfulness for Hopes of Heaven.

1 **A**ll glorious GOD, what hymns of Praise
Shall our transported Voices raise ?

What flaming Love and Zeal is due,

While Heav'n stands open to our View !

Once we were fall'n, and O ! how low !

Just on the Brink of endless Woe ;

Doom'd to a Heritage in Hell,

Where Sinners all in Darkness dwell.

2 But lo, a Ray of chearful Light

Scatters the horrid Shades of Night !

Lo,

*Lo, what triumphant Grace is shown
To Souls impov'rish'd and undone !
Far, far, beyond these mortal Shores,
A bright Inheritance is ours ;
Where Sinners in Light our coming wait,
To share their holy blisful State.*

HYMN XC.

Portsmouth Common Tune, Common Metre.

Women 3d and 4th Lines, and when repeated.

Moses's wise Choice.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, with all thy waken'd Pow'rs
Survey the heav'nly Prize ;
*Nor let these glittering Toys of Earth
Allure thy wand'ring Eyes.*
- 2 The splendid Crown, which Moses sought,
Still beams around his Brow ;
*Tho' soon great Pharoah's scepter'd Pride,
Was taught by Death to bow.*
- 3 The Joys and Treasures of a Day
I chearfully resign ;
*Rich in that large immortal Store,
Secur'd by Grace divine,*
- 4 Let Fools my wiser Choice disdain.
Angels and God approve ;

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*Nor Scorn of Men. nor Rage of Hell
My stedfast Soul shall move,*

- 5 With ardent Eye that bright Reward
I daily will survey;
*And in the blooming Prospect lose
The Sorrows of the Way.*

HYMN XCI.

Ware Tune, Long Metre.

Women 3d Line, and when repeated.

The new Creation, from Rev. 21: 5.

- 1 **S**EE all Things by the Pow'r and Love
Of our IMMANUEL form'd anew,
*Behold the City of our GOD
Descending to our raptur'd View.*

- 2 There shall the Saints triumphant dwell
With Angels, and their Life enjoy,
*And with harmonious Harps and Tongues
In everlasting Praise employ.*

- 3 No more their Bodies rack'd with Pain,
Or moul'dring in the Earth are found:
*Immortal from the Dust they rise,
And with immortal Glory crown'd.*

4 Sin

- 4 Sin shall defile and vex no more,
 In infinite Perfection lost,
O! When shall we the Harbour gain
 And land upon this blissful Coast.

HYMN XCII.

Spring Tune, Long Metre.

Women 3d 5th and 7th Lines alone.

*The Goodness of GOD to Man and
 Beast in blessing the Earth with
 Fruitfulness.*

- 1 **G**OD from his cloudy Cistern pours
 On the parch'd Earth enriching
The Grove, the Garden and the field, (show'rs;
 A Thousand joyful Blessings yield.
He makes the grassy Food arise,
 And gives the Cattle large Supplies;
With Herbs for Man, of various Pow'r,
 To nourish Nature, or to cure.

- 2 What noble Fruit the Vines produce!
 The Olive yields a shining Juice;
Our Hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous Wine
 With inward Joy our Faces shine.
O! bless his Name, ye BRITONS! fed
 With Natures chief supporter, Bread:

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*While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.*

HYMN XCIII.

Italian Air, Long Metre.

Women the 3d and Part of 4th Lines, when repeated.

*The Glory of CHRIST, display'd in
the Work of Man's Salvation.*

1 **O** ! For a Seraph's flaming Tongue
To tell what my Redeemer's done,
To shew the People all his worth,
And set the wond'rous SAVIOUR forth.

2 Could I but paint his beauteous Name
Or draw the Outlines of his Fame,
The World would sure enamour'd be,
Nor one deny his Deity.

3 Compell'd by his redeeming Love,
He left the blissful Chains above;
Elop'd from those triumphant Lays,
Which constant echo forth his Praise.

4 Down to this lower World he came
To bear the guilty Sinner's shame,
And carry all that Weight of Woe,
Which none but GOD could undergo.

5 And

5 And now He intercedes above,
And still retains the tenderest Love:
He hears our Groans, He notes our Sighs,
And all our needful Wants supplies.

6 For Love like this, ye Saints arise
Superior to all earthly ties,
Proclaim the SAVIOURS Praise abroad,
Sing the Salvation of your GOD.

H Y M N XCIV.

Northampton Tune, Long Metre.

Women 3d Line when repeated.

CHRIST *dying, rising and reigning,*

1 **H**E dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!
The Tidings strike a doleful Sound
On my poor Heart Strings: deep he lies,
In the cold Caverns of the Ground.

2 Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two,
On the dear Bosom of your GOD,
He shed a thousand Drops for you,
A thousand Drops of richer Blood.

3 Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
The LORD of Glory dies for Men!

But lo!
Jesus,

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MARY

1 **B**E
Saviour
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*But lo! what sudden Joys I see,
Jesus, the Dead, revives again*

- 4 The rising God forsakes the Tomb,
Unto his Father's Court he flies;
Cherubic Legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the Skies.
- 5 Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell,
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing, how He spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
And led the Monster Death in Chains.
- 6 Say, live for ever won'drous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then, ask the Monster where's thy Sting,
And where's thy Victory, boasting Grave!

HYMN XCV.

Newcastle Tune. Long Metre.

Women 2d Line alone.

MARY'S *Choice of the good Part.*

- 1 **B** ESET with Snares on ev'ry Hand,
In Life's uncertain Path I stand;
Saviour divine, disperse thy Light,
To guide my doubtful Footsteps right.

M

2 Engage

- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous Heart,
To fix on Mary's better part ;
 To scorn the Trifles of a Day,
 For Joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest Storms arise,
Let Tempests mingle Earth and Skies ;
 No fatal Shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my Treasure with me bear.
- 4 If thou my Jesus still be nigh,
Ghearful I live, and joyful die ;
 Secure, when mortal Comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand Worlds in Thee.

HYMN XCVI.

Southwark Tune, Long Metre.

Women 3d Line alone and when repeated.

At the Conclusion of public Worship.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy Word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy Truth within us live.

- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
 Wash all our Works in Jesu's blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd Soul Release,
 And bid us all depart in Peace.

HYMN

(123)
HYMN XCVII.

As the last.

PRAISE God from whom all Blessings [flow,
Praise him, all Creatures here below ;
Praise him above ye heavenly Host,
Praise, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DOXOLOGY.

Butt's Tune, Short Metre.

Women 3d Line, and when repeated.

SING we to our GOD above,
Praise eternal as his Love ;
Praise him all ye heavenly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

M 2

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